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THE LATE SIR B. W. RICHARDSON.

The Late Sir B. W. Richardson

THE POPULAR TEMPERANCE DOCTOR.

('Christian Herald.')

One of the most eminent physicians and hygienists, Sir B. W. Richardson, died somewhat suddenly at his residence in Manchester Square, London, on Saturday morning, Nov. 21.

Benjamin Ward Richardson was born at Somerby, in the county of Leicester, in 1823, and after passing through Anderson's University, Glasgow, he took the degree of M.D. at the University of St. Andrew's, in 1854. He gained the Fothergillian gold medal in 1854 for an essay on the diseases of children, and the Astley Cooper prize of £300 in 1856 for an essay on coagulation of blood.

He commenced his professional life at Barnes, and, whilst there, in 1853 or 1854, he established the East Surrey Society for the Investigation of Cholera, which was then present in England in epidemic form; and he soon afterwards removed to London, in order to devote himself more completely to the pursuit of medical and physiological researches.

While in Anderson's College he had busied himself with the victims of the so-called Irish fever, which was one of the results of famine, and himself caught the contagion; but at the same time it led him to see that hygiene, or the relative value of food, fresh air, etc., was an important factor to the preservation of good health, and good sanitation to the prevention of disease spreading. When he first made the suggestion amongst

medical practitioners, he was regarded as a fanatic.

In those days the people at large, and the local authorities, were, of course, more ignorant of the necessity of these things than the doctors. The streets were narrow; water and food were supplied and eaten with varying degrees of uncleanness, decay, and disease; the accumulation of open nuisances was appalling. The idea of preventive medicine as a public service was suggested by the outbreak of cholera already referred to. Dr. Richardson and Sir Richard Owen were members of one of many small committees elected to examine and report. Another 'fanatic,' Dr. John Snow, hit on the idea that cholera was conveyed chiefly by water. He tracked the disease from one district of London to its source in the notorious Broad Street pump, and now it is admitted that his idea is true.

As soon as they were freed from the reproach of wildness, the little band went ahead very fast. They closed the London graveyards; they obtained the Registrar-General's report week by week; they founded the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes. Then they found that, even in peace-time, the army was being decimated by bad sanitation, and that the cesspool and its kindred abominations were deadlier than the sword. The Crimean campaign confirmed them; but it was long before the truth was recognized throughout the empire.

To give a list of all the distinctions and honors bestowed upon Dr. Richardson from 1856 to almost the end of his life, would be wearisome on account of their number; but during this period of forty years his life was one of incessant professional and literary activity. In 1865 he conducted an experimental research on the nature of the poisons of the spreading contagious diseases, which ended in the detection of a special poisonous product common in these poisons, to which he gave the name of 'septine.'

In 1866 Dr. Richardson was the discoverer of a valuable mode of application of ether spray as a local anaesthetic in surgical operations. As a general anaesthetic he introduced methylene bichloride, as safer than chloroform and more reliable than ether, and he discovered the remarkable power of amyl over tetanus and other spasmodic nervous affections. In connection with the deceased physician's researches into the nature of anaesthetics may be mentioned the remarkable system he introduced for putting animals to death painlessly, which for years past has been in use at the Battersea Dogs' Home.

A striking testimony to Dr. Richardson's popularity with scientific men was that which 600 of them combined to offer him in 1868. 'In recognition of his various contributions to science and medicine' they presented him with a microscope by Ross and a thousand guineas. In 1893 the Queen bestowed the honor of knighthood upon him. He was suffering at the time from rheumatism, which made him lame. The Queen, who is well known to be a sufferer herself from the same cause, saw at a glance the doctor's condition. The moment he entered the Presence Chamber, Her Majesty called out to him in tones at once sympathetic and peremptory, 'I won't have you kneel, Dr. Richardson; you must not kneel.'

In the later years of his life Dr. Richardson urged a crusade against alcohol in every form. For this he was called a fanatic, to which he replied: 'I do not think there is anything wonderful in what is called fanaticism in so grand a cause. Fanaticism in its day has won a great deal for mankind. Fanaticism discovered the new world. Fanaticism abolished the slave trade both in England and America. Fanaticism pulled down the feudal stronghold of tyranny. Fanaticism reformed those centres of loathsome pestilence, the jails of England. Fanaticism abolished the Corn Laws; and if fanaticism could convert England and all other countries it touches from intemperance into soberness, it would only be continuing its beneficent work.'

The doctor's character was not without its humorous side. He was on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England in which there is not a public-house, and, although each had a population of about 4,000 people, the local doctor was nearly starving. Shortly afterwards a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice about taking the practice in the place. Placing his hand on the young doctor's shoulder, he said, 'Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing.'

Sir B. Richardson endeavored to cut at the root of our national drinking habits by showing that many well-established notions about the physiological benefits of alcohol are erroneous, and, though perhaps his success was not quite what he himself believed it to be, there can be no question that those lectures have borne fruit and are still doing so.

In person Dr. Richardson was short and broadly built. He was a man of immense energy and power of work, and was a great believer in the value and importance of physical exercise. He took with great avidity to cycling. Amongst his maxims was one that by healthy living and exercise human life might be preserved to a patriarchal age. Like all men who have attained distinction, he was called upon for too much public service to make it possible in this respect to carry out his own maxim; but his own life, which has just closed at the age of sixty-eight years, has been in usefulness a full and even crowded one.

Services and Service.

These words are much alike, but they represent things which greatly differ. On a bright morning, in a pleasant place of worship, hundreds were gathered for religious services. The songs were inspiring, and in them many a heart thrilled with enthusiasm and many tongues vowed allegiance to the Lord Jesus and the interests of His kingdom. Tender prayers caused the tides of emotion to rise, and the earnest address of the leader roused many present to a half-awakened consciousness of possibilities they had never yet attained.

'The services were delightful this morning,' said one to his friend.

'Most inspiring. So helpful, so uplifting, was the reply.

'By the way, are you ready to take that class in the Sunday-school which needs a teacher so much? I have been waiting ever since last Sunday to hear from you.'

'How can I? I dislike to bind myself to a class every week in the year. I am willing to be a substitute once in a while, but not to be obliged to teach every Sunday.'

'Are you not in good health?'

'Perfectly so.'

'Do you work hard all the week?'

'No; I have a good deal of time to myself, although, like almost every one else, I am busy here and there.'

'Well, you must excuse me if I say you are mistaken about the services this morning. You said they were helpful and inspiring. If they had been truly so I think they would have helped you to see your opportunity, and would have inspired you to undertake some real service for Christ. It is not a sign of loyalty to Him that we enjoy "services." The real test is readiness for service.'

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Pondering on these true words the one to whom they were addressed mused thus within himself: 'I thought I was in perfect tune with all goodness this morning during the hour of worship. I did truly mean it when I sang with the rest:

'Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.'

But it seems different when I am brought to the test of an opportunity to do something for the Master which does not suit my ease or convenience. I wonder is my pleasure in a good prayer-meeting only the excitement which comes from good singing and good fellowship? I wonder is my worship hollow in the eyes of the Lord whose praises I sing with so much enthusiasm? What my friend said is true. Services should fit me for service, or else they are mere brass and tinkling cymbal. I will take that class, and I will prove it when I sing:

'Where He leads I'll follow,
Follow all the way.'

—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Good Shepherd.

('North-western Presbyterian.')

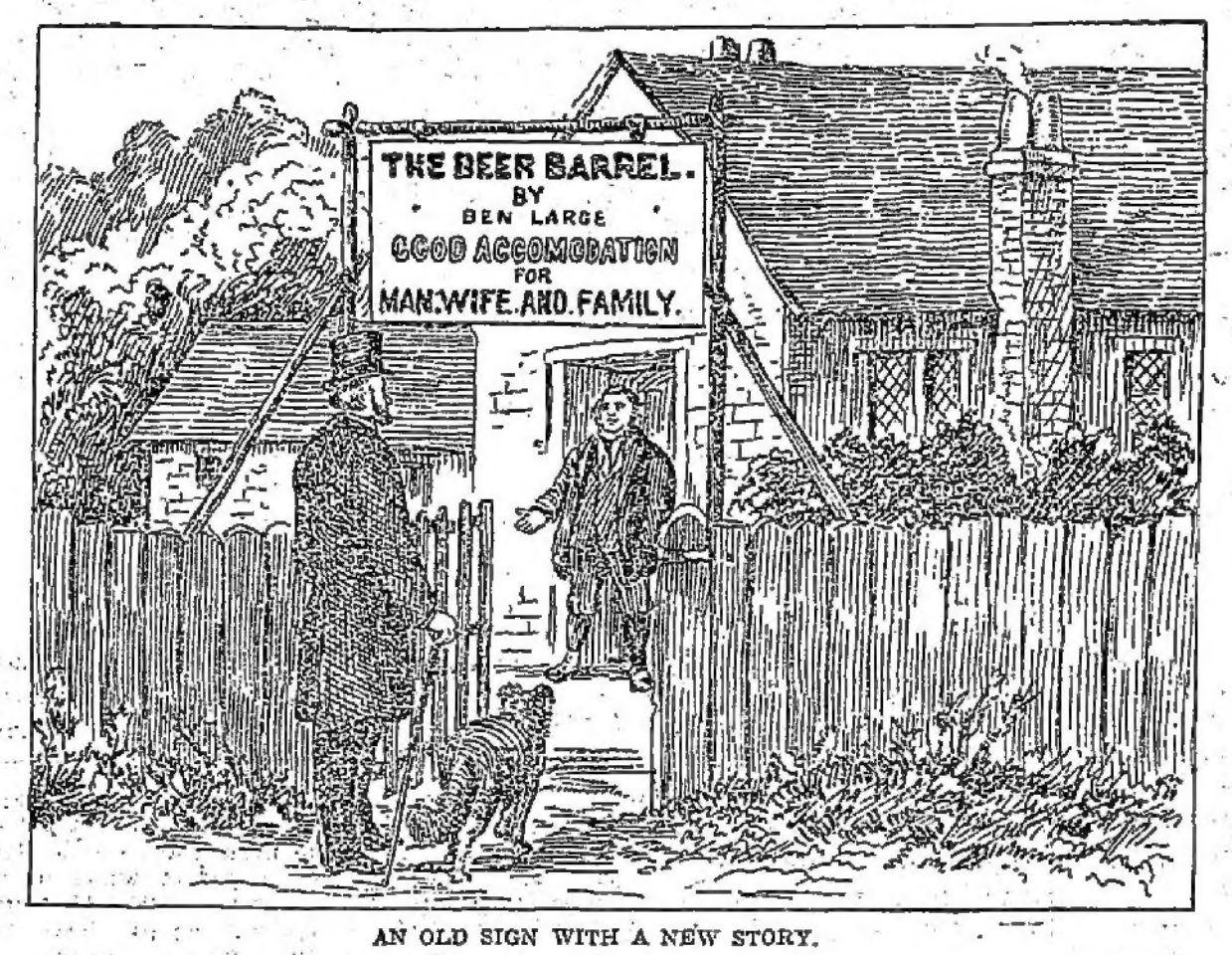
Our children should talk about Jesus just as if he knew all things and did all things for them. We can lead them to do this without any irreverence or undue familiarity on their part—the name of Jesus will always control them and subdue their waywardness, so that it will be the main part of their discipline, and banish the rod in whole or in large part. Many parents talk and teach and scold and punish and do anything but the best thing, the simplest and yet the most difficult thing, to tell them that Jesus knows them, and that their wrongdoings pain and grieve him. One of the most remarkable things about the child nature is its intense readiness to receive spiritual impressions. The old ghost story life is a proof of this, although it was a development along the wrong line. What ails us that we do not make Jesus and heaven and the angels and the children in heaven as real to our little ones as our grandparents made the ghosts most real to their children? The reason is that we do not talk about these things as constantly and as earnestly as they did about the ghosts. Some time ago our little boy, of seven years, received two cents for Sunday-school collection. When he came home, in taking off his little coat a cent fell out of the pocket and went rolling over the floor. We knew he had kept one of the cents for candies, and he acknowledged it. We were grieved to think that a child of ours would do such a thing. After questioning we found out that it was the example of another boy which had suggested the deed to him. We did not scold or whip him, and he took it pretty calmly, and then his mother said, 'You stole that cent from Jesus.' At once the nature of his offence dawned upon him, and he burst into a flood of tears, and no person in the house would dare refer to the matter again for fear of wounding him. Our eldest boy of twelve was reading on Sabbath a book which I did not wish him to read. It would have been easy to tell him not to read the book. He was uneasy about it, halting between duty and desire. I said to him, 'If you think Jesus would like you to read that book on Sabbath you can read it. Read on and ask him about it.' After a time he laid the book down of his own accord, saying, 'I don't think I will read any more in it to-day.' I felt it was a victory for angels to admire, for it was Christ and not parental authority ruling in the heart and in the calm judgment of a boy. Now these results are not attained in a day. We must begin in infancy and train them in this way in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Ben's Beer Barrel.

('British Workman.')

Ben Large, a carman engaged in the business of carting sand and gravel round about the northern part of Surrey, is one of the quaintest characters I have ever met; and it is entirely owing to his modesty that I do not give his address more definitely, so that those who desire it might become better acquainted with him; for if there is such a thing as a truly modest man, Ben most certainly is worthy of the name.

But he has given me permission to make his story known, and he gave that permission to me in the following words: 'Write it, sir, as you know it, and what you've seen, and don't spare me a bit in print; but don't say exactly where I live, as it wouldn't



AN OLD SIGN WITH A NEW STORY.

do any good, and might bring a lot o' people down to see a man who's got more than seven hundred gallons of beer in one barrel.'

In the last few words lies the secret of Ben's remarkable history—how he made his barrel, and how he put the beer into it; and to make the story clear, I must go back to the morning when Ben and I became first acquainted.

A neighbor of mine, with a garden a little larger than most suburban residents are favored with, required six loads of gravel for the walks; and on the morning referred to, six carts, drawn by a horse each, and with six carmen in attendance, appeared in front of his gate. The six loads were duly shot into a great heap in the roadway (for it is no part of the duty of the sand-carmen to put it into your garden), and my neighbor having received the bill, paid the amount demanded.

Then came the usual request from the leader of the men—a big, burly fellow, with a hoarse voice, and with an air of deference and defiance mingled in his style of address—'A drop o' beer, master, if you please.'

My neighbor counted the men, and making six of them, reckoned up what a pint of beer each would amount to, and, by the ordinary arithmetical process, concluded a shilling would be sufficient to satisfy all demands. This coin be tendered, and receiving a salute by way of thanks, left the men to go their way. That way was straight to the public-house at the bottom of our road—a place bearing the sign of 'The King's Head,' but which we of sober turn of mind call 'The Blotch,' as it is the only speck upon our otherwise quiet and respectable road, and the only place where waste and extravagance, late hours, quarrelling, and home neglecting are carried on by license.

It is always a matter of deep regret to me to see workmen squander their money in drink. Viewed every way, it is a terrible mistake, and sooner or later a heavy penalty is paid by most of them; and here were six men—and for the most part healthy-looking fellows—bent upon taking the shortest road to their destruction.

The foreman was the worst-looking of them all, and I afterwards learned that drink was his bane, and all other desires paled before his thirst for it.

Next to him in the line of march was a man not quite so tall, but having the appearance of being the better and stronger of the two. To me he appeared to be a total abstainer, and I was sorry to see him fall in with the rest on the way to 'The Blotch 'Tavern.'

I followed to have a few words with this man, and with the others too, if they were open to reason; and as they put their vehicles together, I advanced, with the intention of pointing out how much better it would be if they kept the money and took it home to their wives; but the foreman, who seemed instinctively to know my object, cut me short at the first word.

'It's no use,' he said, 'and so don't come a-talking. I'm going to have my beer, and so we are all. The only difference is, that I and t'others drink it here, while Ben Large' (pointing to the man I have particularly referred to) 'takes his home and puts it into his big barrel. Here's your tuppence, Ben.'

Ben put the money into his pocket, and took a seat upon the shafts of his cart, and the others, who were laughing at some joke which I had not yet grasped, lounged into the public-house.

'So you hoard your beer,' I said.

'Yes, sir,' replied Ben; 'it's a fancy of mine. I made a big barrel, and put into it all I can get.'

'And drink none of it?'

'Not a drop.'

'Looking at you,' I said, 'I can verily believe you never touch beer or anything intoxicating; but I am a little curious about this barrel of yours. Why did you make or buy it, whichever it may be, and why do you save your beer?'

Ben laughed heartily, and struck his thigh with his open hand, after the manner of men who are immensely pleased. I could make nothing of him.

'Are you married?' I asked, after a pause.

'Yes, sir,' he replied.

'And have a wife and family?'

'A wife and six children,' was his answer.

'And pray,' said I, 'what do they say to your hoarding your beer?'

'They used to talk a lot at one time, sir,' he said, 'but they don't say much now; they've got used to it.' And Ben laughed uproariously.

I was fairly puzzled. Of misers who loved gold, pictures, books, odd scraps, and even old iron, I had heard and read by the score; but a man hoarding beer was something new to me, and curiosity prompted the request I made to him.

'May I come and see your barrel?' I asked.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'I ain't over and above given to show it, not being a boaster; at the same time, I don't encourage visitors, as most of 'em—men like myself—laugh at me; but I won't say no to you. Come any week-day, after six o'clock. We like to be by ourselves on Sunday.'

'Where do you live, my friend?'

The road we stood in commanded an extensive view of the country ahead of us, and Ben, pointing southwards, asked me if I saw some cottages 'far away in front of the trees yonder.'

'Distinctly,' I replied; 'and I think I have heard they are workmen's cottages.'

'Just so,' he said; 'they are all workmen's cottages, although some that lives in 'em don't work so hard as they might do. You'll find me at home after six. I takes all my beer there.'

I promised to call upon him that very night, and although my mind was beginning to foreshadow the truth, I had still a fair amount of curiosity unsatisfied to urge me on. As I was taking leave of him, I heard the foreman inside the public-house asking who was going to stand another pint.

'That's him all over,' said Ben. 'He's begun now, and he'll keep the men there until they are nearly fuddled; and yet none of 'em will take my advice and have a barrel at home.'

'Better have no barrel,' I said.

'I don't know,' replied Ben, shaking his head; 'if people give you beer, or money to get beer, you must put it somewhere.'

I left him, and on my way home tried to picture Ben's barrel in which he stored his beer, and the vision that came before me was a huge barrel, into which he poured the beer instead of drinking it: and this, in a measure, was correct. But there was a little more behind—the way of pouring the beer in was not the way I imagined. My visit to Ben's home made everything clear.

About half-past six I started for Ben's house, with one of my dogs, 'Juno,' a collie, at my heels. Juno is a very sensible dog, and has a great horror of a drunkard, and when she meets one, will bark and run round him in angry expostulation. On these occasions I often venture to interpret her language into something like the following:

'You a man, sir! How dare you call yourself one? I, a four-footed creature—called dumb by people who don't know any better—feel myself your superior. I am ashamed of you; and if my giving you a good shaking would not be misinterpreted, I would let you have one. But I should be called ferocious and dangerous if I gave it; and my master would be summoned before a magistrate, who, although he licenses the place that makes you what you are, would

order me to be hanged cr shot for being fairly disgusted at the very bad spectacle that public-house makes of you.'

Of course I don't mean to say that the interpretation is a correct one; but as Juno is very quiet and friendly with sober people, I have every right to suppose it is the drink that raises her ire. The only sober person in our neighborhood, and the only one I know of for whom she has any antipathy, is the postman; but in this she stands not alone. I never yet met with a dog who was friendly with a postman, and I think their dislike arises from the way these officials hurry up the garden and give stern double knocks at the door. I have one dog who is kind even to the drunkard, but he resents the intrusion of the postman.

To return to my story. Knowing my road well, I had no difficulty in finding out the row of cottages, nor in discerning which was Ben's particular cottage: for fixed in front of it was a good imitation of a public-house sign, and on it were inscribed the following words:—

THE BEER BARREL
BY
BEN LARGE.
GOOD ACCOMMODATION
FOR
MAN, WIFE, AND FAMILY.

I looked at the cottage, and saw every sign of comfort about it. There were flowering creepers on the sunny side of it, and ivy and Virginian creeper facing north; the piece of ground was divided between fruit, vegetables and flowers, and everything was in admirable order.

While I was looking on this humble home—the like of which was not to be seen in the row—in amazement, two or three faces fluttered at the window, and a moment after Ben appeared, in the act of swallowing what I presume was a portion of bread and butter.

'I'm glad you've come, sir,' he said, 'we've been looking for you. Yes, that's the sign-board. A very good one, isn't it?'

'But surely,' I said, 'this is not a public-house!'

'No, sir.'

'But the words there—"Good accommodation for man, wife, and family"?'

'Yes, sir: Man, wife, and family—that's me, and my wife, and the little ones. We haven't any room for others. This hotel is always full.' And off went Ben into another fit of laughter.

'But don't think, sir,' he added, suddenly becoming grave, 'that I ain't got as much beer inside that house as most public-houses; there's seven hundred gallons of beer, and more, in it. Come in and see if there ain't.'

Wondering more and more, I followed him in, and was met upon the threshold by a clean, buxom woman, with a baby in her arms, and behind were five or six children of various sizes, all as clean as you can hope to see the best of children at the end of the day, with palpable indications about their mouths of having been partaking of bread and butter and treacle and tea, and all with their eyes very wide open as they stared at the stranger who had come to see their father's big barrel.

'Now, sir,' said Ben, turning to me, 'I suppose you have guessed the truth. There are seven rooms in the house—which is the barrel—little and big, and putting one with the other, we reckon there are a hundred gallons of beer in each. My Martha—that's the girl—our eldest, who goes to school, and is a wonder at figures, makes out that is just what has been saved since I took the pledge eight years ago. There's some odd gallons which I've put into garden tools—a wheelbarrow and the like—and I hope to run this year's beer into a donkey and cart for my boy Jim—that's him; twelve last Tuesday, and Martha is thirteen—for him to do a litle odd jobbing from the station to the houses outside the town and about generally. There's a lot o' people ready to give encouragement to a steady lad, and he's that; and it will be sure to pay. And now, sir, if you like I'll show you all over the barrel.'

There was a pardonable pride in the man as he took me from room to room, showing all that had been put there for the comfort of him and his. The best of taste in the selection of colors might not have been displayed, and a pure, artistic eye might have been offended with some of the combination of colors in the curtains, carpets, and covering for the chairs; but it was good and substantial, and neat and clean. It was one of the best, if not the best, of workmen's homes—and Ben only ranks as a laborer, you must remember—that I have ever seen. There was nothing which could be considered a necessity wanting anywhere.

In the garden it was the same. Ben had almost as many tools as a professional gardener, and as far as I am able to judge, he was superior to most of the men who go jobbing about.

'I get good vegetables all the year round,' Ben said. Pointing to three frames—'Of my own making they are, sir. I put in the glass as well; bought it ready cut, with a pound of putty, and fixed it. Jenny says I have a turn for glaziering.'

Jenny was his wife, who had followed us everywhere, never failing to point out what Ben had done with his own hands, and furnishing the date of the purchase of almost everything in the house. Birthdays of the various members of the family, and the anniverseries of Ben's and Jenny's wedding, appeared to be the favorite times for the investment of money in household necessaries.

For instance, there was a hearthrug that came on Martha's ninth birthday, and a clock that was bought when litle Jack was three years of age; but the most admired addition to the home was a copper kettle, which Ben bought when baby was a month old, and the water for tea was always boiled in it when the same date of the month came round.

'We've had it for the sixth time to-day, Ben said, 'and baby had a teaspoonful of tea with a little milk. She took it down, sir, as natural as you or me.'

I expressed surprise, as in duty bound, and admired the child—a very pretty little thing; and then Ben and I sat down in an arbor he had erected in a shady corner, and at my request he proceeded to give me an outline of his history since he took Jenny to wife.

'I never was a drunkard,' he said, 'although I think I was going on that way. I was increasing a little at a time; getting an extra pint now and then, and particularly on Saturday, when, being flush o' money as it were, I took a drop o' spirits. You'll see a lot o' men on Saturday have an extra drop, not because they want it, but because they've got their wages. It's a curious feeling—you've a little extra money in your pocket, and you feel you must spend it.'

'Unhappily, a common weakness,' I remarked.

'True,' said Ben, 'and one you can't easily persuade a man out of. I had it, and I know what it is. For the first five years of my early married life I went on taking my beer. We've put it down at two pints a day, reckoning how many gallons the house holds, but that's under the mark. Most men who drink at all, drink more than that, and I am sure I did; but let it stand at that. I wasn't getting such good wages as I'm getting now, and as Jenny and me married, as lots do, with little or nothing, we had a badly-furnished house: this is the very place, and it was then as bad as any in the row, and worse. We of course wanted to add to it; but we couldn't do it on account of the beer. I had my two pints or more out, and Jenny took her one pint at home.

'She thought no harm of it,' continued Ben, feeling called upon to show that Jenny drank her beer under extenuating circumstances, although he made no excuse for himself—'being born and bred to it. All her family, and mine too, drank a little, and some drank a lot; but we had never taken fair warning, and striven to do without it. Jenny was the first to go the right way. One night she says to me, "Ben, this house is like an empty beer-barrel—there's nothing in it."

'I looked around me, and saw there wasn't much to talk about, and so admitted she was right. After a little while she jumps up and claps her hands.

'"Ben," she says, "I've got it! Let's fill the house with beer."

'"Fill it with beer!" I says.

'"Yes," she says; "give up drinking, and buy things with the money—beer-money."

'"Oh! that's all stuff," I says; "you might as well give up bread, and fill it with that."

'"That is just what we shall do by giving up beer,' says Jenny. "Drink is no use to us—it does us harm every way. I'm going to give it up to-morrow, and you and I had better be pledged."

'But I stands out,' said Ben, with a mournful shake of his head, 'just like most of 'em who won't give up beer, simply because they like it; and I tells her she might do as she liked, and no good would come of it. But in a week I saw good did come; for when I shows up from the pits, having had my usual beer and a drop on my way home, there was Jenny with a new tea-pot, which we wanted badly, having been using one with only a bit of a spout for weeks past.

'"There, Ben," she says, "that's beer—six pints! and with care it will be as good ten years to come as now, and that's longer than beer will keep, if it is ever so strong."

'I laughed, but I did not promise to go with her in giving up drink, although she begged of me to do so. I said I would try, but I didn't, and went on another week, having on the Saturday double as much as ever I remember having taken afore. I came home fuddled, and it was what I thought when I came round that brought me to Jenny's way of thinking. She had saved enough to buy me a woollen comforter—winter was coming on, sir—and I had spent enough to buy three.

'When we came to think and talk it over, I felt downright ashamed of myself, as any man ought to be; and so I says to her—"Jenny, I'm with you now; I'll be pledged." And that very night we walked right over to Mr. Walker, him as is the leader of temperance in our town, and although it was late, he was glad to see us; and I put my name down to the pledge, and have kept it ever since.

"There ain't any more to tell you, sir,' he said, in conclusion, 'except that I could let you know to a half-pint how much beer there is in everything in the house; and I get at it through our Martha, who is uncommon good at figures, to be sure, and not by myself, not being brought up in any way larned. The thing that stands for most beer is the bureau in the sitting-room. I

gave thirty shillings for that, which is one hundred and ninety—no, one hundred and eighty pints of beer; the looking-glass is a hundred and twenty, and so on right through. Jenny did it all; she's the leader in good, as a wife can always be if she tries. Some men are downright bad, and can't be led by anybody, but I think most men can be brought into the right way by their wives. Some don't try, some won't try, and some say they couldn't do any good if they did; but one and all ought to do their best. There's no shame in a man following his wife on the right road. I'm proud I follow mine.'

'But your sign, Ben,' I said—'do you not find that it sometimes misleads a stranger?'

'Well, you see, sir,' he replied, 'we ain't on the high-road, and most as comes this way knows the place, and knows me; but now and then a party who doesn't read and understand the sign, comes in and looks about him in a foggy way, and perhaps gropes out again, not able to make head or tail of the place; and we have had some ask for a pint o' beer at the back door. Jenny, with a smiling look, always offers them parties a cup of tea.'

'And do they accept her kind offer?' I asked.

'Not always,' replied Ben, shaking his head sadly; 'but some does, and uncommon thankful they are, and more than one have given us a blessing at leaving, and I am sure it has rested on us.'

'As it rests on all who pursue the path of sobriety,' I replied, rising. 'Persevere as you are doing now, and you will want a bigger barrel one day.'

'We are running a little into the Savings-bank big vat,' said Ben, 'and it's nice to think how the money gets a little bigger there. Thank God, sir, we've all we want, and a little over; and we are as happy as any people going.'

Assured of this, I gave him a hearty good-night, and went home reflecting upon what I had seen, and earnestly praying in my heart that the time might not be far distant when there might be more barrels like Ben's, and fewer of the brewers'. What a change would come if the latter died out entirely! How much less crime and pauperism, how much more happiness and prosperity to the drink-afflicted people! Legislation might do a great deal, and it is to be hoped it will shortly do a little to aid the cause of temperance; but, meanwhile, let all workmen who love their wives and little ones start a barrel of their own like Ben Large's, and fill it as he does with the reasonable comforts and necessaries of life.

A Christian Tablet in China.

Mr. Herbert J. Mason, of the China Inland Mission, tells in 'China's Millions' of a recent visit to Si-gan. He says:—

We are a party of three—Mrs. Redfern and Mr. Bland (both on their way to England, after nine years' service in China), and I, who am going for medical advice as far as Shanghai. From Lan-chau to Shanghai is a distance of 1,937 English miles. Leaving Lan-chau on Feb. 18, twenty-eight days' cart journey took us as far as Si-gan, one of China's greatest cities, containing nearly a million inhabitants, and possessing ponderously great walls and massive gates. From its East Gate to its West Gate is a distance of three English miles. Many times the Lord's servants have been refused permission to live there, and even expelled. Now there reside within the walls several missionaries, and a good work is being done. To meet in that great city a Christian native, who first heard the Gospel from us in Ning-hsia, three years ago, gave us much joy.

On Sunday I preached with pleasure to quite a nice number of natives, but the remaining five days of our stay in the city were fully occupied preparing for another stage of our journey, ten days further to Kin-tsi-kuan, where we take boat. While in Si-gan I visited the place where the Nestorian Christians had their temple during the T'ang dynasty, 1,100 years ago. Quite near the tablet is a beautiful font, supposed to have been the baptismal font, and the pillars of the sanctuary are also standing in good repair. It was difficult for us

NESTORIAN TABLET NEAR SI-GAN, SHEN-SI.

to realize that upon that spot so many years ago songs of praise and adoration had been sung to our blessed God! The missionaries hope that a Gospel Hall may yet be erected on the spot. The English Baptist Mission have a nice work some little distance from Si-gan, one whole village being nominally Christian, neither temples nor shrines are to be seen, and it is now called the 'Gospel Village.' Will you not pray that 'Gospel villages' may become numerous out here?

Before quitting Si-gan, I cannot refrain from telling how good and kind our Almighty God was to us during twenty-eight days' tedious cart journey. On several occasions when we were in imminent danger He was present to deliver. In such cases we not only prove the faithfulness of His promises relating to our daily good, and blessing on the work, but realize that He is always with us, and just when we are unable to do anything, He does everything! Oh! that we could learn to be children again, and trust Him as the infant trusts the mother.

Another Year.

Another year is dawning!
  Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
  Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
  Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
  Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
  Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
  In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
  Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
  Thy presence 'all the days.'

Another year of service,
  Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
  For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
  Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven
  Another year for Thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Arthur Dewar;

OR

THE HERITAGE OF EVIL.

Arthur Dewar was gifted and enthusiastic. His handsome face and bright spirits had made him a general favorite in the quiet Scotch village which had been his home from infancy, and now that he was going to Edinburgh University to prosecute his studies as a bursar, every one of the neighbors were glad of his success and wished him well.

He strode in and out of the little cottage where his mother and cousin were busy packing his boxes, and danced and whistled in his excitement; but his mother sighed as she worked, and dropped many an unseen tear. 'He is so like his dear father, Mary,' whispered the widow, tenderly. 'So full of life and spirits. I could often fancy it was your uncle's voice when Arthur speaks. Dear boy! He is all I have to live for now.'

The young girl, kneeling at her side, pressed her aunt's hand silently, but her thoughts were very busy. She knew how to read between the lines of what Mrs. Dewar was saying, and how much that was sad and terrible in the widow's history was left unsaid. Though the tragedy of Mrs. Dewar's life had been enacted long before Mary was old enough to understand its meaning, she had learned enough to make her fear for her cousin's future, while she sympathized deeply with his sorely-tried mother. Arthur's father had been, as he himself hoped to be, a doctor, whose talents and acquirements made him sought for in every quarter, but intemperance had been his ruin. In an unhappy moment, when unnerved by drink, a prescription inaccurately given caused the death of a patient. In the distraction of mind which ensued Dr. Dewar poisoned himself, leaving his young widow and his infant boy to fare as they best could. All this Mary knew, and with a trembling heart she broached the proposal she had in her mind to her aunt.

'Don't you think, Aunt Helen,' she stammered out, shyly, 'that it might be a good thing for Arthur to become a total abstainer, now he is going away?'

Mrs. Dewar regarded her niece for a moment or two as if she did not quite understand what she said. Then she drew herself up with as much dignity as her gentle spirit was capable of.

'My dear, I am surprised at you,' she said. 'Arthur has never shown any tendency to the evil habits you imply, and never will, I hope.'

'I know that, dear aunt,' quickly returned Mary. 'But you know in a great city young men meet with many temptations, my father says, and it is best to be on the safe side perhaps.'

'Mary,' replied Mrs. Dewar, impressively, 'Arthur will have a mother's prayers following him, and—and,' she continued in a lower, more tremulous tone, 'there is that in the past history of his home which will be warning enough to him. If my prayers and what I have told him of my own sorrows do not restrain him from evil, no taking pledges will have any effect. Do not speak of this further, my dear. The subject is a painful one, as you must know.'

Mary felt discouraged, but she did not on that account relinquish her idea. Beneath her shyness and gentle exterior she possessed plenty strength of character, and rarely abandoned any project she believed to be good; so though she said no more, she got a pledge-card and put it in the case of Arthur's

boxes. Before resigning it to its fate, however, she took a pencil and wrote on the other side, 'To Arthur, with Mary's love. Exodus xx., 5,6.' Not even by quoting the Scripture in full would she risk wounding her cousin's sensitive nature, but with a silent prayer that the warning so delicately given might be heeded, she shut the box and turned the key.

Arthur, of course, had no fears. The joy of his mother's heart and the pride of the whole parish, the mournful story of his father's death cast no shadow over him. He was going to bury all that, and by his success cause his mother to forget all the sorrows of the past.

His fellow-students soon found out his brilliant qualities, and made him a leader amongst them. In class it was just the same. He was easily first, and the very professors regarded with interest the young man who bade fair to do them such credit.

One only among them shook his head and smiled sarcastically when Arthur left the lecture-room after passing his second examination with flying colors.

'Don't you think he's a genius?' asked his fellow examiner in some surprise.

'H'm, his brains are well enough so far,' returned the other carelessly. 'But they're ill-balanced. It's a case of hereditary degeneracy. You saw his excitement just now?'

'Well, that's natural enough in the circumstances,' answered Dr. Heine, with a smile.

'Not at all. That lad is a son of that poor fellow Dewar who poisoned himself, you remember, twenty years or so ago. The sword of Damocles hangs over your genius, or I am much mistaken; and if he takes to liquor like his father, it will be all up with him, you'll see.'

Meantime Arthur, all unconscious, went his way rejoicing, and indited a merry telegram to his mother to announce his success. As he left the telegraph office he heard suddenly his name called, and looking up beheld his cousin, Mary Forester, approaching him in company with two strangers.

'You here!' he exclaimed, his face beaming.

'Yes; why not!' she said, gayly. 'I am staying with my friends, the Browns.'

Upon which introductions followed, and Arthur soon found himself walking along Princess street with Mary and her friends, to dine and spend the evening in their company. The Browns were two of Mary's old schoolfellows, and with their father, a colonel recently returned from India, were doing Edinburgh. As the cousin of their friend they made Arthur very welcome, and the colonel listened to the handsome lad's gay chatter with unaffected amusement and interest. The wine passed round, and Arthur helped himself freely. He was elated with the day's good fortune and full of fun. He sketched his interview with the examiners in a few racy sentences, and shook his head merrily at Mary as he tossed off his glass of wine. 'I haven't used the kind present you gave me yet, Mary,' he cried, 'so I can drink this to your health, my dear. My cousin, sir,' he went on to Colonel Brown, who had listened rather curiously to his last remark, 'thinks I am in such danger of becoming a drunkard that she actually packed a pledge-card (isn't that the name of the thing, Mary?) in my box when I came here. I've been thinking of hanging it up in my room as a warning to my landlord, who drinks enough for both himself and me too.' So the lively lad rattled on, and when Colonel Brown soon after proposed the whole party should spend the remainder of the evening at a theatre near the hotel, where a celebrated actor was advertised to play, Arthur delightedly consented. Not so Mary. 'I do not say it is wrong to go,' she said. 'I don't wish to judge for other people, but I know my father would not like it.' And to this resolve she adhered, in spite of all remonstrances. 'Perhaps Arthur would stay with me,' she timidly observed, 'then we could have a nice quiet talk together about all the home news. It may be our only chance for a long time.' But the Browns promptly negatived this idea. 'Not so, Miss Mary,' remarked the colonel. 'Lady Puritans are very well, perhaps, but you must not try to turn your cousin into a molly-coddle. He must learn to take his bottle and his pleasure like other young men.'

'You see, Mary,' whispered Arthur, as he followed the others from the room, 'neither good people like my mother nor men of the world like the colonel, approve of your notions. You'll have to give them up and do like the rest of us.'

Colonel Brown never forgot that night, and his ideas on the training of young men underwent a complete change forever after. Completely carried away by the passion of the play and the gorgeous surroundings of the theatre, Arthur's cheeks flushed, his eyes sparkled, and impelled by a fever in his veins and a restlessness which he could not understand, at every pause he sought the refreshment bar, and drank eagerly to quench the thirst that parched his lips. The taint in his blood, long kept out of sight by the quiet life he had hitherto led, had found an outlet at last in the excitement of this evening, following so closely upon the mental strain he had been so recently subjected to. Nature could no longer resist. Suddenly, as he was making his way back to his seat beside his friends, he became strangely dizzy and confused. 'Look out; where are you tumbling to?' cried a rough voice as the poor lad stumbled and fell forwards. 'He's drunk.' 'No, he's ill,' cried another onlooker. 'Clear the way,' and soon a space was made, and the helpless form, a few moments before so full of life, lifted and carried out of the theatre.

Colonel Brown, much shocked, had him taken back to the hotel, and a doctor sent for. 'A clot of blood on the brain,' said the physician, who was no other than Dr. L——, the examiner himself. 'This boy should never have been allowed to touch anything but water. If he ever recovers, total abstinence is the only safe course for him, joined to a life free from all excitement whatever.'

Poor Arthur, and poor Mrs. Dewar! 'If he dies, Mary, it will be all my fault,' she said, piteously. 'You were wiser than I. My son! oh, my son, my son!' But Arthur did not die, though it was long ere he emerged from his sick chamber, battered and broken, to begin the work of life again. It would never be possible for him to win success by his intellect now. He must go softly all the days of his life, if at all. 'Mary,' he said, sadly, one day, 'I've been looking up these verses in Exodus. Mine was an evil heritage, and I should have done well to have taken your warning. But I have done it now, though too late. I've signed your pledge, and never again will anything stronger than water cross my lips.'

One word in conclusion. You who lightly toss off your glass of wine, is there nothing in the past history of your race to make you pause? If not, do you ever think of the danger you may be creating for a generation yet unborn?—'Scottish Temperance League.'

The Souls of the Children.

Who bids for the little children—
  Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
  Young, and without a stain?
'Will no one bid?' said the nation,
  'For their souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
  The world on their page may write?'

'We bid,' said Pest and Famine,
  'We bid for life and limb;
Fever, and pain, and squalor
  Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
  We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
  Where none may hear their moan.'

* * * * *

'Give me the little children,'
  Said Crime, 'Ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
  While you shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
  And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailors and policemen
  Shall be fathers to the young.'

'Oh! shame,' said true Religion.
  'Oh! shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
  Oh! give them all to me!
I'll raise them all in kindness,
  From the mire in which they've trod—
I'll teach them words of blessing,
  And lead them up to God.'

—Adapted from Charles Mackay, in 'Christian Herald.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Enriched by Poverty,

'Enriched by poverty' sounds puzzling, does it not, but one of America's noblest writers, Mr. Hawthorne, uses the expression, and it may help you to understand it if I tell you something about my friends, the Bennetts.

It seems natural to speak about little Marcia first. At the time I speak of she had been suffering for four months from a spinal trouble which obliged her to lie on her back all the time during the day on a table, with only a quilt between her and the bare board, and at night on an almost equally hard straw paillasse. No pillow was allowed to be placed beneath her weary head except at meal times, when it was slightly raised to enable her to take her food. The poor little girl was only eight years old, and as fond of running and romping as children of that age usually are, so you may imagine that it was a hard trial to her to lie all day and every day unable to take her part in the family life, or even to watch from a window the sports of her little playmates as they ran and raced outside.

If Marcia had belonged to rich people many things might have been made easier for her. She could have had a large, airy room with beautiful furniture and belongings, pictures, statuettes, and so on, on which her eyes could have rested with pleasure; she would certainly have had dainty food served on pretty china, and fresh flowers for her room every day. Best of all, it could have been managed that her mother, nurse or some kind attendant should have been always with her to read, sing or beguile the time with pleasant conversation. But Marcia could have nothing of this. Her father had died nearly four years before, leaving nothing to his family but the tiny cottage in which they lived, and since that time her mother had supported herself and children by taking in fine laundry work. This and the care of her family had kept

her constantly busy even before Marcia's illness, but now that her pleasant little daughter, her helping child whose little hands had been so willing to help and whose nimble feet had saved her so many steps, had been laid aside and become herself an added care, the poor mother had hardly a moment she could call her own. She managed to do what was necessary for Marcia, but rarely, indeed, could she take ten minutes to sit beside her except on the blessed resting day which is one of God's best gifts to His children. Then, though she would gladly have bought the best of everything for her darling, her earnings at the best of times only sufficed for necessaries, and now that there was the added expense of illness, to procure even these she had been obliged to part with many little household belongings. So the small bedroom where Marcia slept, and the sitting-room to which she was moved for the day, were about as bare as they could be, and many weary hours she passed quite alone.

Marcia had been in my Sunday-school class, and I went to see her as often as I could spare the time. At first I used to say, 'I am going to see poor little Marcia,' or, 'the poor Bennetts,' and ladies for whom Mrs. Bennett worked would sometimes say to me, 'You go to see Mrs. Bennett sometimes, do you not? Poor creature! How does she manage!' but I was not long in finding out that in all that makes life best worth having the Bennetts were truly rich. The time was one of some anxiety to myself, and often I went to see Marcia feeling very desolate and despondent, but never failed, after a talk with her or her mother, to come away cheered and helped and with a deeper consciousness of the beauty and richness of the life given us by our Father, for love dwelt in the little cottage, as she may indeed dwell in a palace, but there she has money for her attendant, while here she did her own sweet work and taught those whom she ruled to become generous, self-denying, thoughtful, patient and even heroic, and the little house, though bare, was never uncheerful. 'Everybody is so kind to me,' said Marcia to me one bright morning in early spring when I had dropped in for a few minutes, 'that I can't help being happy. I get such lovely presents; just look what little Nan Morden brought me this morning,' and she picked up a peacock's feather that lay across her coverlid and gently waved it to and fro. 'Isn't it beautiful, Miss Alice? I seem to see new colors every time I look at it, and it is so light and easy to hold. And mother and the boys are so good to me. Only think, Rob and Roy (sturdy twins of six) saved the sugar off their porridge a whole week so that mother could make me some candy.'

'But Marcia wouldn't eat it; only a teeny bit,' said Rob. 'She saved it to give to baby Teddy, to coax him to stay by her and not tease mother.'

'I like to have him by me,' said Marcia; 'he is such a dear little fellow. He is only three, Miss Alice, but he tries to sing me to sleep sometimes, and mother says when I am asleep he really tries to keep quiet, and he made me this bouquet all himself. Isn't it sweet?'

'This bouquet' consisted of three pink clover tops, a very large dandelion, and a dilapidated daisy, but as Marcia held it up to me I also thought it sweet.

'You have dear little brothers, Marcia,' I said; 'but when they are away from you helping mother, or taking Teddy out, are you not very lonely?'

'Oh, no,' said Marcia, 'at least I am so glad that they are able to help mother that I don't think about being lonely, and Teddy trots in and out, and I have my kitten. When they are all out mother always tries to sing at her work, and it is such a treat to hear her. She sings, 'Never alone, though through deserts I roam.' That is one of my pet hymns. I know that God is always taking care of me, but when mother sings, "Never alone," I seem to feel Him right beside me. But sometimes I am afraid that mother oughtn't to sing; she must often feel too tired.'

'No, indeed,' said Mrs. Bennett, who came in at that moment with a basket of freshly ironed clothes, and sat down for a moment by her daughter's table. 'I love to sing at my work, and all the more that it helps my little woman. She is always afraid that I shall be tired missing her help, but Rob and Roy are growing such thoughtful little men that we shall have nothing for Marcia to do when she gets on her feet. Will you excuse me, Miss Alice, if I show these things to Marcia? They are baby clothes that I have been doing up for a lady who is leaving town, and they are just as pretty as a picture.'

'I shall love to see them,' I said; so Mrs. Bennett held up the dainty lace frocks, filmy lace slips and delicate bits of underwear done up as she had the secret of doing them, and Marcia's eyes sparkled with delight.

'Aren't they lovely?' she said. 'They will make the dear little baby look like an angel. Thank you, mother, for showing them,' and as Mrs. Bennett went away, 'I could see nothing prettier in the shops, could I?' she added gayly.

I had brought Marcia a large sweet orange, and with my pocket fruit knife was about to prepare it for her when she gently caught my hand. 'It is so beautiful Miss Alice,' she said, 'please let me look at it a minute first,' and she took it in her hands and gazed intently at it for some seconds, then she put it to her face and softly drew in its fragrance once or twice, finally pressing it against first one cheek and then the other before relinquishing it. 'It is so beautiful in every way,' she said again slowly, and then almost under her breath, 'and it is only one little thing of all that God has made.'

'In His wisdom hath He made them all,' I said, and then for a minute we both closed our eyes while I thanked Him that things hidden from the wise and prudent had been revealed to this babe.

One morning not long after this I found Mrs. Bennett sitting with Marcia, and on each face an unaccustomed shade of perplexity, the cause of which was quickly explained. 'You know, Miss Alice,' said Mrs. Bennett, 'it pays me best to give all the time to laundry work, so once a week I pay a neighbor, Mrs. Morden, to come for half a day and do the scrubbing and baking. She is glad of the chance, for her husband deserted her more than a year ago, leaving her with six little children to support. They all think everything of Marcia, for when she was well she was often with them, giving her playtime to help the mother a bit, or minding the baby, and on Sundays she took three of them to Sunday-school with her. Since her illness they've shown her many a little kindness, and to-day they sent this.'

It was an old Seidlitz powder box lined and covered with a regular crazy pattern of bits of bright paper, and contained twenty-five cents polished to an almost painful degree of brightness, and this note:

'Deer Marsha,—Me and Hal has been sellin' pappers all winter, and mother let us eech keap a sent aweek. We saived them for you, and pleas ask Mrs. Bennett to bye you a nise pressunt, from your affexshnut frends, Hal and Joey Morden.'

As I read this note Marcia's eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, Miss Alice,' she said, 'they often haven't enough to eat; perhaps I oughtn't to tell, but I know it. Hal and Joey go barefoot, and are so thin and pale and Nan has had no clothes to go to Sunday-school all winter, and they never taste candy, yet they have saved all this money for me. What can I do with it? It would hurt them too much to send it back, but mother and I can't think of anything precious enough to do with it.'

'That is the trouble,' said Mrs. Bennett; 'I have given more time than I can well spare to talking over with Marcia the best use for this love gift, but we have not been able to come to any decision. If you can help her to think of anything, Miss Alice, I shall be much obliged.'

Now it happened that the day before I had been reading some of the accounts sent out by our devoted missionaries of the great famine then prevailing in China. I had read of thousands of men, women and dear little children sickening and dying for want of food, and of how far a very little money would go towards relieving the distress, and as I told some of these details to Marcia the perplexity went out of her face. Mrs. Bennett spared a few minutes to talk over the matter, and when I left the house I carried with me a letter to be mailed to the address of a great paper foremost in all good works, and containing the money enclosed in a slip of paper in which Marcia had written with her own trembling little hand. 'From Love,' and in course of time it was duly acknowledged with other offerings.

Not much of a story this, perhaps some will say, yet if it helps one reader to see how poverty can make us rich; how, having nothing, we may possess all things, it will not have been written in vain.

ELEANOR L. MACNAUGHTON.

How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,
  It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
  That stole him away from me:
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
  That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison;
  And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
  To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to the worthless being
  From the hopes of what might have been!
For the brand of a drunkard besotted,
  He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
  My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
  That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
  Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once when I heard it
  I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
  I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
  Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when such danger
  Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
  No help in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
  The thousands of boys going down?

—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Little Folks.

Like the Good Shepard.

The hero of my story was a little boy named Carl Kracht, who lived in a country far removed from our own, and in an ancient and old-fashioned town there, called Coblence. He was the son of the Kuster, or verger, as we would call him, of the old Church of St. Castor, whose spire, with a cross on the top, you see in the picture.

Now, old Carl Kracht, the verger, lived in a small house just behind the tall monument and fountain which you also see in the picture. He was a very old man to have so small a son, and he spent his time between attending to the ancient church, which many people went to visit, and smoking a very long pipe, fully three feet long, which is the favorite kind of pipe among the poorer classes in Prussia.

LIKE THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Carl had lived all his life of eight years in Coblence, and knew nothing of the outside world. He went to school on week-days, and learned to read the crabbed German print, and to write the crabbed German handwriting, and to count how many 'pfennigs' went to a 'mark'; and on Sundays he went with his mother to the church, and looked at the beautiful pictures of the Good Shepherd, and the Saviour Blessing Little Children, and listening to the beautiful singing, and prayed his childish prayers, kneeling in the high, old-fashioned, wooden pew which his mother occupied. And Carl was a very good and tender-hearted boy, like many German boys of his class.

One morning, very early, and long before it was time for him to go to school—for the Kuster's family were up before daylight—Carl had run out to get some water for his mother from the fountain. Just as he was re-entering the house, he heard the sound of a soft trample of many feet behind him, and, turning round, Carl saw a flock of sheep coming across the square, driven by a shepherd lad. The sheep ran helter-skelter in every direction, as sheep have a habit of doing; and the shepherd shouted to them his guttural orders, and wildly brandished the club he held in his hand above them. Carl stopped to look at them, and by and by they had all passed the fountain. Then Carl was trotting indoors with his pail of water, when all of a sudden he heard a soft, plaintive bleat behind him. He looked round, and there, in the middle of the square, he saw one of the sheep lying on the ground. She had dropped out of the flock and the shepherd had not noticed her. She was evidently too weary, or too ill, to move; she lay panting on the ground, her little red tongue hanging out, and her eyes fixed on Carl with such a sad, pathetic gaze, that it went to his very heart. He ran into the house as quickly as he could, and set the pail down, calling to his mother—

'Oh, Motherkin, there is such a poor sheep lying out there on the square! It looks very, very ill, and I am going down to give it a drink of water from the fountain.'

'Thou wilt do well, my child,' said the gentle mother, who was getting her husband's breakfast ready.

Carl snatched his big, wide-brimmed hat from the table, and ran quickly out again. The poor sheep was still lying there, and her eyes followed little Carl as he went to the fountain. Carl filled the big hat as full as it would hold of water, but however carefully he carried it, still the water streamed out through the soft hat, which was not, I am obliged to say, quite free from holes and tears; for the Kester Kracht was a very poor man, and could not afford his children new hats often. However, Carl held the remainder of the water just under the hot, thirsty tongue of the poor sheep; and the creature, bending her head, lapped it thirstily and eagerly. Carl talked gently and encouragingly to her as she did so.

'Drink, my poor little one! drink then, and get well again. Ah!' said Carl, remembering the picture of the Good Shepherd in St. Castor's, 'it is what the Good Shepherd would have done for thee, and so I am a little—just a very, very little—bit like Him now.'

The sheep seemed much refreshed, and no longer panted so painfully. Carl stood beside her, wondering what he should do; and, at that moment, he saw the shepherd lad appear round the square. He smiled when he saw the sight before him.

'Ah, poor thing! she is tired with her long journey, but we shall soon be at the end of it now. And thou hast been kind indeed, my little boy, to give her the water to refresh her. See, she is quite better now!'

And the sheep, encouraged by her master's kindly voice, rose up and trotted away, while the shepherd nodded pleasantly to Carl and bade him 'Good-morning.'

And ever after that Carl felt he loved the picture of the Good Shepherd more than any other in the church. For the way to learn to love Christ is to try and be like Him, and Carl, in his own small way, had done just as He would have done that morning.—'Adviser.'

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let the Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's [power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves the best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Blessing of the Lord.

By Lucie Dayton Phillips.

'Mamma, dear!' called little Rose Vincent from her airy perch in the red and gold maple tree, just outside the porch where her mother sat sewing; 'I know all my Golden Rule text now. Hear me say it. 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."'

'Yes, that is right, Rose, and the truest words ever spoken.'

'Who said it, mamma?'

'Solomon, the king of Israel, known as the wisest man of his day, and who wrote a great many wise sayings called "proverbs," which make one of the books in the Bible.'

'Solomon who built the fine temple?'

'Yes, dear. It was when he had finished the grand palace for his own house and the grander temple for the Lord, that God came to him in a vision and promised His blessing if he and his children would follow Him, keep His commandments and worship no other gods. With His blessing, you see, they would need nothing else. They would be rich and happy always.'

'Why can't we have His blessing, mamma?'

'We can—we have! A long time ago, when Jesus was here, He stood one day in the market-place at Capernaum with crowds of sick and sinful people around him. Some were blind, deaf and lame; some had palsy, fever, or madness, while others were those pitiful lepers that cried, "Unclean, unclean," in the streets. There were mothers who had brought their sick babies; boys and girls wasted from disease, and sinful men and women hungry for love and peace. And seeing what they needed, He made them whole every one, saying at last, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, there is no blessing like our Saviour's, Rose!'

'But Jesus has gone away long, long ago, mamma. He is not here to bless us.'

'Christ is just as ready and able to bless you to-day, my child, as He was those who believed on Him at Capernaum and Galilee.' None of us can receive His blessing unless we do believe.'

'What do you mean by believing, mamma?'

'To believe in Christ is to believe that all He says is true; to trust in Him because of His life, His death and His love; and so as to have our fears taken away, and a new hope given us, and then to obey His commands and be saved by Him. These people who were healed by Him did not know Him well. He was a stranger to them, yet they believed in Him because they saw that He was good and just and kind and true. If we want His blessing, we must believe in Him as our Saviour, my little Rose.'

'Well, I think it's very easy to believe in Jesus, mamma,' said the child, with a happy look. 'He is so good and so great, and loves us so, we can't help believing in Him.'

—'Little Folks' Paper.'

If I Only Had Wings.

Minnie had been picking a few flowers in the garden. She is very fond of the pretty flowers. She is a very thoughtful little girl sometimes.

Her papa calls her his 'little dreamer,' because she often seems to be dreaming when she is awake as well as when she is asleep.

As she was sitting on the garden seat, two pretty butterflies flew about in the sunshine from flower to flower, and then right away over the fields. And Minnie dreamt she was a butterfly.

'Oh! if I only had wings?' she thought, 'would it not be nice; I would fly about to all my aunts and uncles and cousins; I would fly to papa's office and kiss him, and then back again to mamma and sissy.

'Oh, it would be nice if I had wings!'

And then Minnie thought of what her papa had told her, that if she had her sins taken away for Jesus' sake, and God's Holy Spirit to help her to be a good girl, she would one day go and be an angel in heaven.

'Then,' she thought, 'I shall be able to fly even better than birds and butterflies.' As she went back to the house she sang merrily.

'I would be like an angel, and with the angels stand.'

'Our Little Dots.'

Sings-As-He-Walks.

In 'The Sunday-School Advocate' we read of a cheery Christian with a red skin and a sunny, happy heart. Suppose you were named, as Indians are, for some special characteristic, what would your name be? 'Girl-who-helps-her-mother?' or 'Boy-not-afraid-to-do-right?'

At the last meeting of the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference, a brother told of a certain little Indian child who used to go toddling about on the grassy prairie of the Dakotas, and as he went he sang. In the morning and all day-long his childish voice would be heard caroling forth the wierd melodies which seem so dismal to us, but which mean so much to the children of the plains. His mother watched and heard him with delight, and with the poetic instinct which sleeps in every mother's heart, no matter how wild she may be, called the boy 'Sings-as-he-walks.' That boy is now a minister of the gospel. He travels abroad on the Dakota prairies, preaching and singing the gospel to his own people. Did not the mother wisely name him? And would it not be a blessed thing if we could apply the name to more Christians? What a splendid description of a cheerful, hopeful, trustful ambassador of Christ: 'Sings-as-he-walks!'

—'Sunday Hour.'

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON II.

1. Q. How is beer made?

A. It is made from barley which has sprouted so that the starch is turned to sugar. This barley being heated becomes malt. The malt is ground, and then soaked in water, in order to dissolve all the sugar. The sweet liquid is preserved and yeast added to it, which causes vinous fermentation; the result is a poisonous liquor, either beer, ale or porter.

2. Q. But yeast is also used in making bread. What is the difference between putting barley, water and yeast together and getting beer, and putting wheat flour, water and yeast together and getting bread?

A. In making bread, yeast is added to the moistened flour. This yeast acts upon the small amount of sugar present, changing it into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. The gas causes the bread to be light and porous, and the heat of the oven causes the evaporation of both gas and alcohol.

3. Q. What, then, is the difference between bread and beer?

A. Bread is a valuable food, free from any poison. Beer is a drink containing a powerful poison.

4. Q. What is temperance?

A. The proper control of the appetite.

5. Q. Does it allow a moderate use of poisons?

A. It keeps us to a moderate use of good things, and total abstinence from poisons.

6. Q. Give a command and warning from the Bible against intemperance.

A. 'Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh: for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty.'

May's Awakening.

She was a Y. Her name was down on the membership list of the Centreville Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They had asked her to join at one of their festivals, and she had replied, 'I am not very much interested in, nor have much time for anything of the kind, but if you'll be satisfied with my fifty cents, I'll join.'

And they, anxious to increase their membership, had said: 'That is all we ask of you, only come to our meetings as often as you can.'

That was two years ago. She had paid her dues promptly at the beginning of the year, and had attended three meetings. As these were strictly business meetings she, of course, did not find them interesting. The other girls often wondered why May Kepley was so indifferent. She would have been such a help to them. But you cannot interest any one in anything unless they know something about what it is, and what it does. And May Kepley was as ignorant of Y work, and especially that done in Centreville, as though she had never heard of it.

As she stood on the platform of the depot, waiting for the train, that bright October morning, she was greeted with, 'Good-morning, May, are you going to leave us?'

'Why, good-morning, Grace! Yes, I am going up in Wisconsin to visit an old school friend for a few weeks. Are you going away, too?'

'Only as far as Rockford for a day's shopping. But, May, you haven't any white ribbon on. You must show your colors when away from home; besides it will make friends for you. The white ribbon is worth a good deal when you are travelling.

May shrugged her shoulders and gave a little laugh, 'What a crank you are about the white ribbon, Grace! I didn't think anything about it, and don't know as I would have put one on if I had.'

Just then the train came along, and in the hurry of getting on the conversation was dropped, nor was it resumed until the train was slacking up at Rockford, when Grace, hurriedly untying her white ribbon, thrust it into May's hand, saying, 'You must represent the Centreville Y; see that you do it well. Good-bye.' And she hastened from the car.

May looked at the ribbon Grace had given her, and repeated the statement she had made before, 'What a crank Grace is. Just as if this little piece of ribbon amounted to anything! I'll wear it, but I don't believe any one will even notice it,' and, settling back in her seat, she opened a book which she had brought along to read.

The book failed to interest her, and soon the sky, which had been so bright in the morning, showed plainly that a storm was approaching. By the time she reached the junction at which she was to change cars, the rain was falling in torrents.

Two gentlemen got off, and they with May hurried into the one waiting-room. They seemed to forget they were gentlemen, for they lighted their cigars, and soon the room was filled with tobacco smoke.

Tobacco smoke always gave May a headache, and to-day, being unusually tired, it made her positively sick. She walked to the farther end of the room, and leaned her head against the casement of the window.

As she stood there a train came in from the west. There was but one passenger, a woman, and she started as if she was going up the street, but as she passed the window where May stood, she stopped, looked at her, smiled, turned and entered the room.

As soon as she had laid down her parcels, she walked over to May, and, holding out her hand, said, 'I see you wear the white ribbon. But, my dear child, you look so pale; are you ill?'

'It's—it's—the smoke'—gasped May, 'it always—makes me—sick, and—and—it was raining, I couldn't get—away.'

'Poor child!' That was all she said, but she fixed a pillow for May's head, and then walked over to the offending smokers.

'You are making this young lady sick with your smoking. Either—'

'I beg the young lady's pardon, madam, it was very thoughtless in us,' interrupted one of them, throwing away his cigar as he spoke. 'Is there anything we can do for her?'

'You may open the door and windows so as to let in a little fresh air. She will soon get better, now.'

'Do you know,' May's new friend said to her as she was bathing her throbbing head, 'if you had not had on the white ribbon I would have gone to the hotel, but when I saw the badge which binds together the hearts of women all over the world for "God and Home and Every Land," I came in here instead. How thankful I am that I did. Surely God used the white ribbon to lead me with.'

Then as she talked about the work the W. C. T. U. was doing, and especially that done by the young women, May's heart had a wonderful awakening, and she, too, longed to help in this great work.

She told her friend about herself, that she was a Y in name only, and how she came by the white ribbon that day, and ended by saying, 'but I'll always wear the white ribbon after this, and when I get home I mean to go to work. I have been a drone long enough.'

'Grace,' May said to her friend about six months afterward, 'I am just as much of a crank as you are, and it all came from your giving me that white ribbon. But Grace,' and May's voice took on a tone of sad entreaty, 'why didn't they explain what a Y was, when I joined? I might have been working all this while.'—Irene Herbert, in 'Union Signal.'

65,000 Pledged Soldiers.

At a meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, held in Liverpool, the Rev. J. H. Bateson, who is the Methodist representative in the temperance work among the soldiers in India, said:—

We have in India some 78,000 soldiers. I don't think we all have a right estimate of Tommy Atkins. Some people have an idea that a man who enlists has gone to the bad. Some think that every soldier drinks too much. Well, if he does, then he is just the man we ought to go to. I am glad to say that out of 78,000 men in India, one-third are total abstainers. At this moment there are 25,000 teetotallers in the British forces in India. We have eight corps there, in which over 50 percent are total abstainers, and forty corps in which 40 percent are abstainers. We have to thank our previous commander, Lord Roberts, for much of this. Sir George White, our present commander, is no less friendly. You must remember that our work is official. Every regiment has its temperance society, properly recognized and supported. The men who sign the pledge in India don't all keep it, for a variety of curious reasons, but out of the 25,000, 7,800 have kept it for one year. The health of the total abstainers is just twice as good as that of the non-abstainers. The effect of this is so noticeable that two years ago Mr. Campbell-Bannerman asked the House of Commons to set apart £500 a year to commence a similar temperance work in the army in England. As to conduct, the effect of temperance is marvellous. It is crushing out crime in the army. Last year the Adjutant-General reported that there were ten times as many court-martials on non-abstainers as on total abstainers. When the men sign the pledge they begin to save money, and many send 10s or 15s a month home to their mothers. Then as to morale. I maintain that when it comes to service the results of our temperance work will be felt in the temper and action of the men under fire. Every year there come out 17,000 recruits, and every one of them is asked to sign the pledge. Last winter 5,000 signed on the first day they landed in India. There's many a boy I ask to sign who replies, 'But I am a total abstainer!' We try to get hold of the boys, but we also try to get hold of the hard drinkers. I believe that we want to 'rescue the perishing,' as well as care for the young. Wherever there is a regiment there is a temperance room. In the barracks of every regiment in India the most comfortable place is the room of the Army Temperance Association.

Join Hands.

The Quebec Provincial W. C. T. U, at its recent annual convention protested strongly against the immoral exhibitions in our provincial and county fair grounds. The Illinois C. E. convention made the same protest concerning the fair grounds of that state. May temperance and Christian Endeavor societies unite to speedily drive this reproach from our country.

LESSON III.—Jan. 17.

A Multitude Converted.

Acts ii., 32-47.

(Commit Vs. 38, 39.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.—Acts ii., 39.

LESSON STORY.

Peter was preaching to the Jews who had crowded to see and hear the disciples, upon whom the wonderful gift of the Holy Spirit had descended. He first reasoned with those who had accused the disciples of drunkenness. He explained that this was what the prophet Joel had prophesied long before, 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and daughters shall prophesy . . . . . And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shal be saved.' He then began to preach to them about Jesus of Nazareth, saying that they had seen the miracles God wrought through Him, and that they knew the prophecies David had spoken concerning Him, how David spake of the resurrection of Christ, and how the disciples were all witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus, after the Jews had crucified Him, thus proving Him to be the Christ, the long expected Messiah. And the people were mightily convicted and began to ask Peter and the rest of the apostles what they should do. Peter replied: 'Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost,' and with many other words he testified and exhorted them to be saved. Three thousand gladly believed and were baptized that same day. These all continued steadfast, and those who had possessions sold them and shared with those who had nothing. Many wonders and signs were done by the disciples, and numbers were added to the Church daily.

LESSON HINTS.

Peter's sermon was addressed to the Jews, who were well versed in the Scriptures. He quoted to them the prophecy of Joel concerning the outpouring of the Spirit, and the prophecies of David concerning the Messiah, proving Jesus of Nazareth, whom they had crucified, to be the Christ whom God had raised from the dead. The disciples were all witnesses of the resurrection, they having seen him many times after he rose from the dead. Therefore, being exalted to heaven at his ascension, and having received the promise which he had often mentioned to the apostles (John xiv., 26; xv., 26; xvi., 7,13; Acts i., 4), 'He hath shed forth this,' the Holy Ghost, 'which ye now see and hear.' Perhaps the fiery tongues still rested on the disciples, and certainly they could hear the different tongues in which the disciples were speaking.

'David is not ascended,' his body is still in the ground, therefore he had not been speaking of himself when he said, 'The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool,' therefore this same Jesus was proved Lord and Christ.

'When they heard this'—that they had crucified their long-expected Messiah, 'they were pricked to the heart'—conscience-stricken at the thought of their part in the matter, 'and said . . . what shall we do?' It would be well if every sermon were forceful enough to cause anxious inquiry at the end. This seems to have become an inquiry meeting in which the talk became personal with all those who were anxious for their soul's salvation. 'Peter said unto them, Repent'—turn from all sin with a genuine sorrow for it and God will remove it from us 'as far as the east is from the west.' 'Be baptized,' as a testimony to the world and as a symbol of the washing away of sin. 'In the name of Jesus Christ'—to show that we are now under his control, and henceforth must live as His representatives here on earth. 'Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost'—the promise is to all those who receive Jesus as their Lord. 'As many as the Lord our God shall call'—every one who hears the gospel message. 'With many other words did he testify and exhort'—the whole of Peter's sermon is not given here, probably he gave his own personal testimony as to the power of God in changing his own heart. 'Save yourselves,' he continued; give Christ the right of way in your hearts, that he may save you. 'This untoward generation'—not tending toward God, as 'froward,' away from God.

'They that gladly received his word'—the gospel everywhere brings gladness and joy to those who accept it. 'Were baptized'—they complied with all the conditions laid down for them. 'There were added unto them about three thousand souls'—these may not all have heard Peter's sermon; those who heard and believed may have gone straightway to tell their friends the glad news of the gospel, as Andrew had first found his own brother, Simon, and brought him to Jesus. 'They continued steadfastly'—it was no momentary enthusiasm, no new and interesting theory of which they soon tired; but a real, living fellowship with a real, living Saviour. 'In the apostle's doctrine'—the apostles taught them daily the things pertaining to the kingdom. 'Breaking of bread'—partaking of the Lord's supper. 'In prayers'—praying together, public prayer has many advantages; the Lord gave special promises to those who agreed together in prayer, and promised that 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matt. xviii., 20); at the same time we must not forget private prayer, for the moment we begin to omit this most important of all duties we lay ourselves open to all kinds of temptation.

'All that believed were together, and had all things in common.' This ideal state of the early Christian Church was only possible where the people were all of one mind, and all filled with the Holy Spirit, that there might be no jealousy, no laziness, no shirking of duty. Socialists sigh for this Utopia, seemingly ignorant of the fact that this kind of a commonwealth, without the people being all of one mind, would become but a refuge for all those who could not earn an honest living. 'Gladness and singleness of heart'—characteristics of true Christians. 'Praising God'—a Christian's life should be one long hymn of praise to the Giver of all good gifts. 'Having favor with all the people.' Jesus had 'favor with God and man.' Happy-hearted people are generally loved by all. 'And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved' (R.V.). The good work goes on; there are daily rejoicings in heaven over the sinners who repent and are saved through the precious blood of Jesus.

Suggested Hymns.—'The Morning Light is breaking,' 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' 'There is a green hill,' 'I know whom I have believed,' 'I hear my dying Saviour say,' 'Awake and sing the song,' 'I will sing of my Redeemer,' 'Sinners Jesus will receive.'

LESSON HYMN.

'Whosoever heareth! shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around!
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
'Whosoever will may come.'

Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while ye may:
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
'Whosoever will may come.'

'Whosoever will,' the promise is secure;
'Whosoever will,' forever shall endure;
'Whosoever will'—'tis life forevermore,
'Whosoever will may come.'

ILLUSTRATION.

Mr. Moody tells how some divine has pictured Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost. A man pushed his way through the crowd, and said, 'Peter, do you think there is hope for me? I am the man who made that crown of thorns and placed them upon Christ's brow; do you think He will save me?' 'Yes,' said Peter, 'whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. You are a 'whosoever'; if you call He will hear your cry. He will answer your prayer and save you.'

Another man pushed his way up and said to Peter, 'I am the man who took that reed out of His hand and drove it down upon that cruel crown of thorns, sending it into His brow; do you think He will save me?' 'Yes,' said Peter, 'He told us to go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and He did not mean any to be left out; salvation is for you. He did not come to condemn men: He came to get His arm under the vilest sinner and lift him up toward heaven.'

Another man, elbowing his way through the crowd, pushed up to Peter and said, 'I am the Roman soldier who took the spear and drove it to His heart, when there came blood and water; do you think there is hope for me?' 'Yes,' answered Peter, 'there's a nearer way of reaching His heart than that: 'whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' And the Roman soldier might have cried then and there, and might have obtained forgiveness and salvation. If the Lord heard the cry of those Jerusalem sinners, whose hands were dripping with the blood of the Son of God; if He heard their cry and saved them, do you not think He will hear you and save you?'

Joining the Church.

In the Sabbath-school the child memorizes and studies the Bible, learns the beautiful hymns, is impressed by the prayers. Even those who know nothing of the sweet influences of the Christian home learn what it is to be a disciple of Christ. Unconsciously, as the years pass by, the Spirit of the Lord is directing them. We do not know when such children are converted. At what age should they be influenced to unite with the church? Three-fourths of our church-members unite while young. Some children have as clear and decided religious convictions at twelve as others have at fifteen years. A girl of twelve desired to confess Christ. 'Are you not too young?' was the question put to her. 'I know I love the Saviour,' was the reply. How many young people from twelve to seventeen years of age, some of them Christians, others trying to be, drift from our Sabbath-schools and are lost to the church because they are not individually importuned to profess Christ? How can such be influenced? Most of these are conscientious. They fear they are 'not converted,' or are 'not good enough.' Let us teach children over and over again what conversion is. For a child to accept Christ as his Saviour and determine to live a Christian life, that is conversion. It may have taken months or years to reach this decision. Let him understand the Holy Spirit is leading him; it will make him more earnest and thoughtful. Let us make the most of our opportunity while the child is in this state of mind, and by our continued personal interest the child's faith will be strengthened and he will be moved to take his stand on the Lord's side.—Alice Cooper, in 'Morning Star.'

Influence of a Worshipful Teacher.

Older and younger scholars alike will be largely affected by their teacher's bearing. A worshipful teacher often makes a worshipful scholar. A sincere seriousness, a prayerful attitude, as well as a prayerful spirit, earnestness and feeling in using and teaching the Bible, careful attendance at church services, with invitations to the scholars to do the same, a sense of the real presence of God, and a constant confidence in the power of the Spirit, a hearty presenting of Christ as the personal Saviour for each scholar—all these characteristics of a worshipful spirit do not fail of notice by the scholar, and do not fail eventually of inspiring him with a worshipful spirit. A teacher without these characteristics must confess to a great lack.—'Sunday-School Times.'

Gaining Familiarity With the Bible.

Occasional Bible drill during the general exercises of the Sunday-school is a good thing. Let the superintendent select beforehand a few brief passages from various parts of the Bible. At the appointed time let him call upon different classes or individuals to turn to these passages one by one, as rapidly as possible, and to read them. In this way familiarity with the Bible and a knowledge of the location of its several books will be promoted. If the passages selected have a bearing on the lesson of the day, all the better.—'Sunday-School Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Something About Potatoes.

A good cook! A good cook is not, as some think, one who can, on a special occasion, get up the most elaborate dinner; but one who can and does best prepare every day the commonest articles of the every day meal. The best teachers of cookery lay the greatest stress on the importance of the proper cooking of vegetables and meat. They deplore the fact that some of our oldest housekeepers do not really know how to cook even potatoes well. Here are some valuable hints from Miss Corson on how to cook potatoes. In ordinary households she says the potato is as regularly served upon the daily table as bread, but it is generally cooked without regard to variety, probably because, like bread, it can be eaten without satiating the appetite. Beyond boiling, baking, stewing and frying potatoes, the average cook seldom goes; but occasionally the bright thought strikes some seeker after culinary novelties that this commonplace fruit of the earth has capacities hidden from the multitude, and a most enjoyable dish is the consequence. Beyond the successful boiling and baking of potatoes, advances lie open to the most delicate and savory methods of serving our chief carbonaceous food. An entire dinner can be based upon it; true, it resembles the soldier's "stone" soup in that it demands adjuncts, but they are of inexpensive character, such as eggs, milk, cheese, butter, drippings, and scraps of meat or fish remaining from large dishes. With such comparatively small helps the entire menu can be filled, from soup to dessert. It is not, however, our present purpose to enter upon such details, but to present some rather unusual uses of the potato as a vegetable esculent. To make ripe potatoes mealy the one point to be remembered is that they must be taken from the water as soon as the starch cells are so far cooked that the cell walls are ready to burst; if drained at that moment all superfluous moisture will escape in the form of steam, leaving the interior dry and floury. It does not matter whether the water in which the potatoes are placed for boiling is cold or hot when they are put into it, but they should be drained as soon as they can be readily pierced with a fork, covered with a folded towel, and put where they will keep hot without burning; in ten or fifteen minutes they will be in good eating condition, and can be kept so for hours, hot and dry. The addition of salt to the water in boiling improves their flavor.

In baking potatoes care must be taken to remove them from the oven and break the skins when they are tender enough to yield to pressure; baked potatoes are at their best when just done; beyond that point they deteriorate; they harden near the skin, and gradually lose their light, mealy consistency. When the intention is to fry, boil or stew whole cold potatoes, they should not be mashed, but simply peeled, and suitably sliced when ready for cooking.

Potato and Ham Fritters.—To a pint of mashed potatoes add a cupful of flour, a high seasoning of salt and pepper, two or three tablespoonfuls of grated cold cooked ham, two raw egg yolks and enough cold milk to form a stiff batter. Put over the fire the frying kettle half full of fat, and while it is heating lay ready the skimmer and some brown paper in a dripping-pan; beat the two whites of egg to a stiff froth and lightly stir them into the batter. When the fat begins to smoke put the batter into it by the tablespoonful; as the fritters become light brown, take them up with the skimmer and lay them on the paper, the pan being placed in the oven to keep them warm; when all are thus fried, transfer them to a hot dish covered with a napkin, and serve them hot. A few parsley or celery leaves garnish the fritters nicely.

Potato Turnovers.—Prepare mashed potatoes as directed in the preceding recipe, omitting the milk; lay the mass upon a floured board, roll it out half an inch thick and cut it in circles with a large cup; upon each round put a tablespoonful of any cold meat, poultry or fish, freed from bones and chopped; season the meat; wet the edges of the circles with beaten egg, and close each one like a little turnover. Either fry them as directed above, or brush them with beaten egg, and color them a little in the oven. Serve the turnovers hot, upon a napkin.

Potato Pie.—Prepare mashed potatoes as for the table, or use that remaining from a meal; use any cold meat stew, or fricassee of fish or poultry, removing all bones; line the bottom and sides of a baking dish with the potato; put the meat within, highly seasoned; cover it with more potato; there should be sauce to moisten the meat; brush the top with beaten egg, brown the pie in the oven, and serve it hot in the same dish in which it was baked.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Slice cold, boiled potatoes; put them into a baking dish in layers, with a little cheese grated among them, and enough white or brown sauce to moisten them; dust the top with sifted crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper; dot the crumbs over with butter, and brown them in the oven. Serve the scalloped potatoes hot, in the dish in which they were baked.

Cream Potatoes.—Put cold sliced potatoes over the fire in a saucepan, with enough cream sauce to cover them; season them palatably, heat them, and serve them hot.

Cream Sauce.—Put over the fire in a thick saucepan a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and stir them until they are smoothly blended; pour in half a cupful of milk and stir that smoothly with the butter and flour; continue to stir in milk until a pint has been used, and the sauce is quite free from lumps; season it palatably with salt, white pepper and a little grated nutmeg, and boil it for a moment; then use it.

White Sauce.—This is made like cream sauce, using hot water in place of milk.

Brown Sauce or Gravy.—Stir together over the fire a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they begin to brown, but do not allow them to burn; then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, season with salt and pepper, stir it smooth, boil it, and it will be ready to use either in preparing scalloped potatoes, for warming cold boiled potatoes, or in combination with freshly boiled or baked potatoes If the sauce is palatably seasoned it adds greatly to the flavor of the potatoes.

Dark Cake Without Eggs.

One cupful of raisins, chopped fine.
One-half cupful of sugar.
One-half cupful of butter.
One-half cupful of molasses.
One egg.
One cupful of sour milk.
One teaspoonful of soda.
Spice of all kinds.
Bake in a loaf.—'Housekeeper.'

A Great Opportunity.

Says the 'Golden Rule':—'It looks as if the Liberal Government would give all Canada a chance to vote on the temperance question. If so, we expect such a temperance victory as this glad old earth has never seen.'

Northern Messenger.

During the last week the circulation of the 'Messenger' has increased another thousand, making the total increase since the change to its new form four thousand. This is a large increase in a short while, and shows universal appreciation of the change. We would call subscribers' attention to the fact that it is not hard to get new subscriptions for a paper which is going ahead at this rate, and that by sending in two subscriptions with their own they gain fifteen cents, and this not only for one year but for every year, as those who have subscribed once are sure to do so again.

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